

## The History of

Cousin, on Wednesday next, our Conncell wee will hold  
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords;  
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,  
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.  
*Weſt.* I will, my Liege.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

*Fal.* Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

*Prince.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly,  
which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a deuill haſt thou to  
doe with the time of the day? Vleſſe houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,  
and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne  
himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffara; I ſee no  
reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperſuous to demand the time  
of the day.

*Falſ.* Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take  
purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuene Starres, and not by *Phœbus*,  
he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge,  
when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould  
ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What, none?

*Falſ.* No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Falſ.* Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the  
ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of  
good government, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble  
and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we  
ſteale.

*Prince.* Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for  
proofe

## Henry the Fourth.

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on *Mun-*  
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got  
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying Bring in: now in  
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as  
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

*Falſ.* By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Ho-  
ſteſſe of the *Tauerne* a moſt ſweet wench?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the Caſtlerand is  
not a Buſſe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

*Falſ.* How now, how now, mad wagge, what, in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buſſe  
Ierkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe  
of the *Tauerne*?

*Falſ.* Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falſ.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

*Prince.* Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch,  
and where it would not, I haue vſd my credit.

*Falſ.* Yea, and ſo vſed it, that were it not heere apparant that  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be  
Gallowes ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſo-  
lution thus ſnubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father an-  
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

*Prince.* No, thou ſhalt.

*Falſ.* Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a brane Iudge.

*Prince.* Thou indgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the  
hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

*Falſ.* Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my  
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of ſutes?

*Falſ.* Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath  
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat,  
or a lugg-Beare.

*Prince.* Of an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Falſ.* Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe.

*Prince.* What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Moore.